

MEMPHIS APPEAL.

For the Appeal.

THE DESERTED ROAD.
This path is one of much more than melancholy, and who ever reads it will be glad to have the author, whose first publication this is. We are not in the habit of indiscriminately condoning all the sins of the world; but we do not like to praise those lines mean quite as much as we say. The young and every dear to us who are still at school, are the most innocent and very young, and just from school. Her friends think that if she could be encouraged to become more interested in writing, she might improve herself to write very well. We should think so.

Here, starting down, brokenly and still,
The light gleams drearily upon the grass,
And a gale sweeps over.

Down from the hill,

The tree stands grandly heavenward, towering high,
Whispering a low, strange mystery to the winds,
And trembling in the sweep of many storms.

Then comes the night.

And even through the stillness there, un-
stirred, the sea calls melancholy unto the shore,
Till it has given a shiver, and its roar
Passes unread.

For many long, pale years, silent years,
One sad, lone, white, shadow on the grass,
Sheds without sound the sombre light.
A woman, thrown up from the ocean's leap,
Wrestled with time.

Drying a living tear on her breast,
That crept and started through her hair,
But the low faring of the rain-clad clouds,
And when the first fair moon broke into rays,
Sobbed it red.

And this was all the listening trees had heard,
Through months that roundly faded into dusky years,
But the low faring of the rain-clad clouds,
Cryning kind.

Sometimes the deep, cold sea has soothed and calmed,
As it fain would break the deadly dream
That lies there where the sun's bright beam
Darkens apparel.

NOTHING TO SPARE.

FOUR SHINY BREATHERS HAVE CARE.

What then thou canst not spare? Alas! thy

Indeed is hapless! There art very poor,
Pitifully poor, though thou art not the least rich
Who has not much, that ev'n the poor for more!
What are the banties? Where thy glittering

Where thy rich trappings? Thy amanuenses?

The daily luxury, that only shows?

Our love and care see how hast managed to spare.

Where is thy wasted sum? The unfeasted

Of gentlemen? The hidden talents?

Howe'er thou art, we see how hast managed to spare.

And thy poor heart, with many a load,

Has given up, and left the world to share.

What sorrow in the shadow of the hills!

Seems to faint.

Has sorrow, silence, death, in dreary state

Look with thine eyes, into the restless ocean!

Moving their hands, and then refrain

With a still, dead noise.

Along the road, from east, each mid-day

Hours come to go to feed;

Nothing, from summer's heat to winter's snow;

Not morn and night.

VIOLET LEA.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

SUNDAY READING.

(COMMUNICATED.)

Child of consolation, when life's afflictions

This sentiment, noted beneath the portrait of one of our southern authoress, arrested my attention as I gazed on the face of the author, and the expression of reflection which was cast, at least to myself, and I hope an expression of those may give me a moment's thought.

How few, 'midst the throngs we pass, in our daily walk, bear even the impress of the soul! How few, indeed, are the faces we see, that would indeed be divine if we could read in the intelligent beaming eye and well informed forehead, the secret workings that mighty, eternal spirit within. But in vain do we look in the face of man and woman for that secret, for we find none. The prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over the ocean, the same sun rises, the same stars twinkle, the same song is sung to their honor. Over them all comes the same storm beat, and the same tempest, and here, the marked, the weak and the powerful, will sleep on, until awaked by the same trump, and the same bugle, that call them to rise. Nature to point out where others are gathered. Yet what cemetery but ornaments the graves of the wealthy, while no other are the heavenly often reflected in such splendor. Over no other is heard such noble melody.

THE MAID AT PRAYER.

She rose from her bed close sleep,
And in a tone so low and deep,
As if she had been in a reverie,
Knew she had dreamt a peacock.

Her white hands held together press'd,
The folded silken robe, that round her waist did rest.

The folded silken robe, that round her waist did rest.

From her long hair, that lay about her head,
The golden tresses, that lay about her head.

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